



RATHAD ÙR LOCH PORTAIN
THE NEW LOCHPORTAN ROAD

Òran le: Eileag NicIllInnein

Air a rannsachadh is air a ghabhail le: Ellen NicDhòmhnail

Òran a chaidh a dhèanamh le mo sheanmhair Eileag NicIllInnein circa 1964 nuair a bha iad a' togail rathad mòr a bha ceangal sgìre Loch Portain chun a' chòrr de dh'Uibhist a Tuath agus bha tòrr luchd-obrach anns an sgìre.

Rathad ùr Loch Portain nach e chuir oirnn a' chosgais;
Cha diù le tè falbh leis a' bhòtainn,
Ach *nylons* agus *shoes*, liosachan gun ghluinean
Is còmhdach dhan fhùdar mun t-sròin ac'.

Chlann-nighean a th' anns an àite 's e bhios orr' ach tàmailt,
Ma dh'fheumas iad falbh agus còta orra;
Deasaich agus Tuathaich 'g obair anns a' chuaraidh
Còmhla ri Dòmhnall Ruairidh on bhòn-dè.

Air feasgar Dihaoine, bha 'd dol dhan bhùthaidh,
Chan eil fhios a'm co-dhiù cò bu leòmaich';
"Aig quarter to two bidh thu anns a' chùil seo,
Cha charaich mi co-dhiù 's gun thu còmhla rium."

'N uair thàinig Katie Mary gun tug i bhuam mo lèirsinn,
'S ann mhiannaich mi fhèin a bhith òg;
Cha b' e an còta dearg leis do chleachd i a bhith a' falbh oirr'
Ach an còta searmoin a chuir Òrr thuic'.

Composed by: Eileag MacLennan

Researched & performed by: Ellen MacDonald

A song composed by my grandmother, Eileag MacLennan, around 1964 when they were building the main road which connects Lochportan to the rest of North Uist, a time when there were lots of road-workers in the area.

The new Lochportan road, hasn't it cost us;
A woman dare not go out in wellies,
Only nylons and shoes, lace above the knee
And a dusting of powder about her nose.

The girls of the area, they will be mortified,
If they have to go out with a coat on;
Men from South and North Uist are working in the quarry
Along with Donald Rory since the day before yesterday.

On Friday they were off to the shop,
I don't know who was the smartest among them;
"At quarter to two you'll be in this corner,
I'll not move anyway without you."

When Katie Mary arrived I was truly dazzled
And I wished to be young again;
She wasn't wearing the red coat she usually wore
But her church coat which she got from Òrr.



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Raonaid 's i cho gòrach on chuir i oirre an t-òirleach,
Chan ith i mar as còir dhi gus falbh 'ad;
'S ann tha i dol air daithead mar a bha Moria
"Macvita will do fine in the morning"

Mairead Dhòmhnail Ruairidh 's ann agam fhèin bha 'n truas rithe,
An latha chaidh i suas ann na h-ònrachd,
Gun tàinig tè no dhà de làraidhean Mactavish
Mun do shreap i 'n àird, gun robh ceò aist'.

Na sgiortaichean tha 'n-dràsta, nam fasan anns gach àite,
Cha dèan iad dhut càil dol a làraidh;
Ma falaich iad do ghlùinean, feumaidh tu an slaodadh,
Gur e briogais ghlùine bu dòigheil'.

Sguiridh mi dham dhìomhain 's bheir mi leam Catriona
'S Màiri Anna chiall, 's iad cho gòrach;
'N uair thèid iad a Loch Portain, cha toir iad leotha poca
Eagal 's nach gabh Lachlainn dhiubh nòisean.

Anna Bheag is Rachel, cha dèan math dhomh fàgail,
Neo cha bhi mi sàbhailte sa chrò seo;
Mus teirig a' bhliadhna, bidh sinn uile triall ann
'S gu dearbh, O a chiall...we won't walk it.

Rathad ùr Loch Portain, nach e chuir oirnn a' chosgais;
Cha diù le tè falbh leis a' bhòtainn,
Ach *nylons* agus *shoes*, liosachan gun ghlùinean,
'S còmhdach dhan fhùdar mun t-sròin ac'.

Rachel is so silly since she put on an inch,
She won't eat as she should until it goes;
She is going on a diet like Moria did,
"Macvita will do fine in the morning."

Mairead Dhòmhnail Ruairidh, how I feel for her,
The day she went up on her own,
One or two of the Mactavish lorries came along
And before she could climb up on it, she was breathless.

The skirts you get just now, in fashion everywhere,
They are no use for climbing on board a lorry;
In order to hide your knees, you have to pull them down,
Knee-length trousers would be much better.

I'll stop my nonsense and I'll take Catriona with me
And dear Mary Anne, who are so silly;
When they go to Lochportan, they won't take a sack with them
In case Lachlann doesn't take a fancy to them.

Little Anna and Rachel, I'd better not leave them out,
Or I won't be safe in this place;
Before the year is out, we'll all be travelling it
And indeed, O my darling ... we won't walk it.

The new Lochportan road, hasn't it cost us;
A woman dare not go out in wellies,
Only nylons and shoes, lace above the knee
And a dusting of powder about her nose.



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